EDITORIAL: "THE MIRACLE" DECISION

the

Commonweal

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

TOWARD RESTORING ALL THINGS

RICHARD HAYES

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june 13

Volume LVI, number 10, 1952

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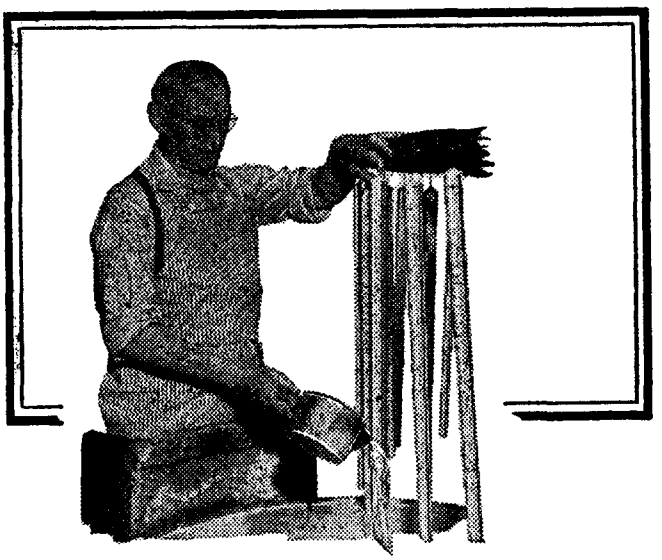

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386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1952, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

"THE MIRACLE" DECISION

THE long and bitter controversy over Roberto Rossellini's film "The Miracle" has ended in the unanimous decision by the United States Supreme Court reversing the decisions of the lower courts and declaring for "freedom of the screen" in America. And so, what began as the seemingly simple and clear-cut question of ecclesiastical authorities' warning Catholics against seeing a movie which they considered offensive to Christian doctrine and morals has resulted in a Court ruling which carries with it far-reaching cultural and constitutional implications.

As the public controversy developed it became clear that what was at stake here was not so much the merits or demerits of, or the right to exhibit, a particular film, but rather issues which far transcended the film in question. What was disputed were the fundamental issues of freedom of expression on the screen and the right of the civil authority to ban a film on the grounds of "sacrilege." Both of these are issues which involve basic concepts of American freedom and constitutional power, and it was these things, rather than whether or not "The Miracle" was indeed sacrilegious, which the Supreme Court was asked to decide.

John Courtney Murray, S. J., has observed that the American Constitution embodies a unique historical realization of the "lay" state, as opposed to the absolutely autonomous Continental "laicized" state.

"In the First Amendment," he writes, "the guarantee of religious freedom appears in relation, not to a rationalist theory of religion, but to a rational theory of the state. Its essential premise is the distinction of the civil and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. . . . What the First Amendment fundamentally declares, as the constitutional will of the American people, is the 'lay' character of the state, its noncompetence in the field of religion, the restriction of its competence to the secular and temporal."

What was really at stake in "The Miracle" controversy was this uniquely lay character of the American State. The civil power was in danger of playing the role of theologian by attempting to determine a properly religious concept. The Supreme Court's decision has repudiated any such role for the State and has made a clear distinction between civil and religious functions. Far from this being an "anti-religious," or "secularist-motivated" decision, it is one which rests on that enlightened, rational, and truly liberal philosophy of civil and religious freedom about which Father Murray has written.

The dangers were real, and one need only contemplate the possibilities latent in any decision which had upheld New York State's suppression of Rossellini's film to realize how tragic such a decision would have been. In this case the issue was raised over a film which is, undoubtedly, offensive to a number of Catholics, but it might just as easily have been raised over a film like, say, "The Song of Bernadette," being banned by a local censorship board in some predominantly non-Catholic community because the film's exaltation of the Blessed Virgin Mary was objected to as "sacrilegious" by a majority of the local citizens.

ONE could easily multiply examples of this sort, and they are not far-fetched. The point is not that one denies the objective nature of sacrilege but rather that in a society like ours, which is basically pluralistic, the definition and enforcement of such a properly theological concept must lie outside the competence of the civil power.

As a result of this, minorities are, from time to time, going to be offended. But when they are, they must not demand the cessation of the very civil immunity which they themselves enjoy, and which may easily lead them tomorrow to offend the susceptibilities of some other minority. The result of the State's interfering to suppress "sacrilege" whenever a minority is offended could only be its assuming the most monstrous universal competence and banning as "sacrilegious" anything and everything which might offend the religious sensibilities of *any* minority (which would obviously include any film based

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on the divinity of Christ), or to the situation described by Justice Frankfurter "whereby the censor bans only that against which there is a substantial outcry from a religious group." Either situation would be intolerable.

Catholics have done much lamenting in the past over the secularistic basis of modern liberalism, its hostility to the religious spirit and its anti-clericalism. There is no question that these elements have been and are present in the liberal tradition, and that they must be opposed by every Catholic. But their presence may be explained, at least in part, by the fact that Catholics have too often absented themselves from the formation of the modern world. Nostalgic for a sacral past, anxious to preserve our own special privileges, we have too frequently left the struggle for civil freedom to those who know nothing of the profound spiritual roots of that freedom.

The results of this absence have often been tragic. The modern world has been born (nothing could prevent that), but it has not yet been baptized. If it is to be baptized, increasing numbers of Catholics must make it absolutely, unequivocally clear that this world is not a bastard, that its origins are legitimate and its mission honorable, that it is a world not be abolished but rather to be blessed and redeemed. This can only be done by Catholics' realizing that living in it involves certain hazards which are absent from a sacral order, but that the acceptance of these hazards and their related discomforts is an easy price to pay for the great advantages which this world offers.

Catholics might well make it clear that they accept the modern "lay" state, with its division of civil and religious power, as something to be grateful for, and resist any such attempts to vitiate or alter the character of this state as were present in the New York censorship of a film which many found distasteful. Any claim to special privilege or protection in this state should be repudiated and a willingness shown to espouse the cause of legitimate freedom even when this freedom leads to something which may be found repugnant. Only in this way will the critics of American Catholicism be effectively answered, and only then will the Church be able to speak to many in the modern world.

By refusing to allow the wise distinctions between civil and religious power to be obscured, by speaking boldly for freedom of ideas on the screen, and questioning local prior censorship of this medium, the Supreme Court has rendered an historic service to the cause of both civil and religious liberty.

NEXT WEEK

ROBERT BARRAT writes about the recent sessions of the Catholic Center of French Intellectuals at Paris, which had as their theme: "The Church and Liberty."

"In the eyes of unbelievers the word 'liberty' enjoys no excellent reputation in the bosom of the Roman Church. The shades of Galileo and of the Grand Inquisitor always come between you and your interlocutor when you speak of these things. . . . And yet do we not see a number of agnostics or atheists turning toward the Roman Church today as the last bulwark of human liberties menaced by the totalitarianisms of every sort? Has the Church changed? What, basically, is the teaching of the Church regarding the liberty of man? . . ."

PLIGHT OF THE KOREANS

ASIDE from the endless truce negotiations, the front-page news from Korea these days is twofold: the unrest in the Koje and other UN prisoner-of-war camps and the strong opposition to President Syngman Rhee of South Korea. Trouble is rampant all along the line. The determined refusal of our UN negotiators forcibly to repatriate the hundred thousand North Korean prisoners who refuse to return to incarceration or death supplies the lone heartening element.

Otherwise things are pretty black. Visitors find South Korea the most desolate of all the non-Communist areas in the Far East. It is a land without hope. Two years after the outbreak of hostilities millions are still homeless. For those fortunate enough to be employed the average wage is ten dollars a month. Much of the terrain over which the tides of battle surged in the earlier days of the war remains devastated. There are said to be five million men, women and children refugees in their own homeland. Hundreds of thousands of them have not received a particle of UN material aid.

Right now a famine is raging in Korea. A laconic six-line Associated Press story recently told, on the inside pages of our newspapers, of nearly a million people in southwest Korea reduced to trying to subsist "on grass roots and the bark of trees." A second major famine area exists in Andong, on the east coast north of Pusan. For this there are many reasons. There are the failings of the governing Rhee regime. A severe drought has greatly aggravated conditions. Important rice fields have been destroyed in guerrilla actions. War damage and the influx of refugees have accentuated all Korea's difficulties. But in any case, although the UN has finally succeeded in building up what appears to be a creditable large native defense force, Korea her-

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self has been permitted to sicken from within—from starvation, disease and hopelessness.

This, then, is Korea's reward for taking a stand against Communist aggression. This action of the United Nations, designed to demonstrate to the world that henceforth aggression will be resisted everywhere by free nations, has thus far resulted in the ruination of a people which had hitherto survived Chinese and Japanese subjugation and the savage interplay of Russian, Chinese and Japanese territorial ambitions. Surely President Rajendra Prasad of India expressed the sentiments of virtually all of his fellow-Asiatics when in May he described it as "the greatest of tragedies that despite assertions of goodwill for the Korean people, this ancient country has been reduced by war, hunger and pestilence to utter ruin."

A problem of such magnitude calls for government action. It calls for concerted efforts on the part of the UN. But it demands individual action, too. Well-nourished Americans can hardly sit idly by in their comparatively comfortable homes while so many fellow men are now dying of starvation on our side of the Korean battle line, where freedom and democracy are making a key stand. There are means of hastening aid to them. One organization able to rush funds to the famine areas is the N.C.W.C. War Relief Services (350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.), which can administer relief through the Columban Fathers and other representatives in South Korea. The worst of the present food emergency is temporary; the problem is how to enable these South Koreans to survive for the next three months to the harvesting of the next barley crop. We feel confident that here is one emergency which readers of the Commonweal, who have shown themselves to be so generous in the past, will hasten to meet.

HOODLUM INVASION

LIKE most groups which fear outside attack, the American Federation of Labor has always fought shy of airing its internal problems in public. A kind of union of unions, the AFL has always placed great stress on the voluntary character of its membership, and over the years it has very largely refrained from interfering with the internal affairs of member organizations.

As a deterrent to the development of an overly centralized, monolithic structure, this traditional Federation policy of autonomous rights has much to be said for it. But at the same time the hands-off rule inside the AFL has always posed certain very definite problems.

While top AFL officials have leaned over backwards to preserve the principle of autonomy, a few unsavory characters have sometimes perverted unionism for their own purposes. In the process they have supplied the Westbrook Peglers with plentiful ammunition and have seriously injured the cause of organized labor. Good principle though it is, if autonomy is not to serve as a cloak for intolerable abuses it must be linked with prompt penalties for betrayals of responsibility. It should never be allowed to excuse racketeering activities.

Today attempts by racketeer elements to invade a few AFL unions are providing new cause for alarm. Because of the Kefauver investigation, the Federal tax on gambling and increased local vigilance, hoodlums in some sections of the country have suddenly found themselves without profitable employment. As a result they are casting covetous eyes on the possibilities for gain involved in strong arm control of newly chartered or previously respectable union locals. The number of such instances is not very great to date, but there are enough to warrant serious attention, and it is asking too much to expect rank-and-file members to cope with such invasions.

Taking note of this situation, the Executive Council of the AFL has now quit pleading autonomy and has established a special committee to investigate suspect member organizations. If abuses found by the Committee are not eliminated, then the AFL can at least remove the cloak of respectability from such unions by revoking their charters.

It is too early to say just how vigorously the new AFL Committee will proceed. No doubt the traditional reluctance to interfere with member unions will serve as a natural drag on the investigation. But it can be hoped that action by the AFL will be prompt and vigorous. There is no reason a few racketeers should be allowed to give the entire organization a bad name, and allowing hoodlums to flourish under the guise of local autonomy merely plays into the hands of the labor-baiters.

"BUYING FRIENDS" FOR FREEDOM

IN the May 30 issue of *The Tidings*, Los Angeles diocesan paper, two leading Catholic writers touch on the same subject with interesting contrasts. The subject: the aid the United States has given, and is committed to keep on giving, to foreign nations.

In his regular column Father James M. Gillis agrees with a view expressed in *The Freeman* that the American Republic has become an Empire—but an Empire with a difference, in so far as "the booty doesn't come in; it goes out." Woodrow Wil-

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son, Father Gillis says, "tried to make the principles of American democracy universal. But what seems to have been added since Wilson is the idea that we can bribe the peoples of the world to accept American democracy." It is not a question of persuading or of compelling them, he says, but of buying and bribing them. The veteran priest-columnist concludes: "Should it be done? Can it be done? What do you think?"

That is on page 12 of *The Tidings*. On page 3, under the heading "Bishop Sheen's View of Crisis," is the report of a press conference held at the Archbishop's home in Los Angeles.

Bishop Sheen, who recently returned from Europe, is quoted as saying that the European political leaders favor a military alliance but that the people are "much more apathetic to military alliance than the political leaders would have us believe." The Bishop pointed out that there are four million homeless in France and an equally large number in Italy. "One-third of the population of the world is earning less than twenty-five dollars a year." Then he added: "The great masses of the people of the world need food, clothing and shelter. We could build up a much stronger public opinion in Europe if there were even greater aid extended to the economically helpless and disinherited."

Father Gillis' thesis is a favorite with a certain group of Americans who have now found articulate and literate expression in *The Freeman*. They are forever asking the rest of us whether we really believe we can "buy" friends for the cause of freedom—aren't we naive in thinking that spending American money and goods throughout the world will secure good allies in the fight against Communism?

Our reply must be something like that of the man who was asked if he had stopped beating his wife. No—and yes.

No, we don't think that we can "buy" friends or "bribe" people into lining up on the side of freedom. Yes, we believe that foreign aid is desirable, necessary and that it is a duty for the "have" nations to share with the have-nots. It would be a duty even if there were no Communist threat at large in the world, even if the United States didn't need friends; but, given the present circumstances, the abstract duty is underscored by the political realities of the day.

The international situation today has something of a parallel in the state of affairs in this country during the early thirties. It was the duty of the state then to come to the aid of the depression victims; it would have been a duty even if the nation were not threatened by the possibility of violent revolution. But the aid that was forthcoming not only met the immediate need, it actually cut short the possibility of a popular alliance with the forces of violent revolution. So the United States came through the depression without bloodshed and this was largely due to the fact that the immediate cry for bread was heard.

A distinction seems to be in order. The United States stands for two things in the world today—a) for a *form* of government conducive to, but not essential to, human freedom, and b) for a political *ideal* of liberty and human dignity which *is* essential. It may be said that the first of these is summed up in the *structure* of our government, the second in its philosophical basis, expressed in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence. As a worldwide political force our primary concern at this time in history is that the "self-evident truths" which we live by are in danger. They have been threatened by a worldwide conspiracy which is focused in the Soviet Union, and this conspiracy is backed up by the threat of political and military aggression. This is the situation and with it and all its facets we have to come to terms. Not only must we come to terms with it, we are forced to lead the way for others.

When men are hungry, ill-clothed and ill-housed they have little taste for protecting the freedoms which they can't enjoy. Such men have no stomach for abstract truths. They are looking for food, clothing and homes more than they are seeking liberty. Extreme need creates a vacuum, and Communism with its promise of revolutionary action and change promises to fill the vacuum—unless it is first filled by food, by clothing and by houses.

The richest country in the world has the wherewithal to come to the aid of the world's dispossessed. When "one-third of the world's population" earns less annually than four subscriptions to this magazine or the price of a set of breviaries, sharing our own wealth with them (and to judge from our present standard of living—now at an all-time high—we are a long way from going broke) should have a more pertinent motivation than "bribery" or "buying friends." In the simplest terms, we should give because it is the only decent, the only humane, only Christian thing to do.

If in so giving we are able to "buy friends" for decency, humanity and Christianity, so much the better. Father Gillis and *The Freeman* are right when they say that men will not be "bought" or "bribed" to freedom. But if we have reached the point where we see the misery and poverty in the world merely as something that makes men "buyable" then we might as well keep our money for more television sets than we already have. For in that case, we constitute no threat to the enemies of Christianity—we have already joined them.

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Toward Restoring All Things

IN THE FIELD OF CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ACTION THE CHURCHES ARE DRIFTING TOWARD UNITY

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

THE modern Christian social movement—organized or unorganized, political or economic, Catholic or Protestant, Anglo-Saxon or Continental European—has nowhere sprung into existence ready-made, with a complete, rounded doctrine at its finger-tips. For a century it has been dedicated to discovering the principles on which such a movement must be based.

Three main principles have emerged. First, a Christian social movement must insist on a certain inwardness and detachment, a continual and direct reference to Revelation, even in social and temporal affairs. Secondly, it must penetrate every aspect of life. Thirdly, it must admit the unity of theory and action: the fact that only by participating in the life of a changing world can the right rules of conduct be discovered; we can understand the world only by transforming it.

These principles are nothing new in Christianity. They represent rather the re-discovery and re-synthesis of the insights preserved most explicitly in, respectively, the Catholic, the Orthodox and the Protestant traditions. I do not mean to suggest that any one of these insights has been ignored by any of the three traditions, or in any period of the Church's history. But it is correct to say that the accent has at a given time or in a given tradition been on one rather than another. This lack of balance has proved a serious disadvantage in coping with the problems of the modern world. There is accordingly a significant tendency today for the thought and practice of the three great divisions of Christianity to regain the necessary balance and move towards a common center.

By the first insight, which was characteristic of the early Church, the need for direct and continual reference to Revelation is emphasized. Saint Paul, in the superb passage of I Corinthians which once and for ever puts all professors in their place, underlines how "when God showed us His wisdom, the world, with all its wisdom, could not find its way to God." Against "the Greeks intent on their philosophy" he sets "Christ crucified, to the Jews a discouragement, to the Gentiles mere folly . . . So much wiser than men is God's foolishness, so much stronger than men is God's weakness."

Mr. Fogarty, of Nuffield College, Oxford, is an officer of the British Catholic Social Guild.

THE argument is twofold. Much that is important for understanding the nature and destiny of man can in any case be understood only through Revelation. Much, secondly, can in principle be grasped by human reason, but is never likely to be, because reason and will are darkened by sin. The contrast between the unlimited vision of human beings and their limited abilities leads to tension, anxiety, and a temptation to escape into either the pride which forgets human limitations or into the materialism which shuts its eyes to the unlimited vision. Christians, obviously, are far from being exempt from these defects. But they have at least the advantage, by relying on Revelation, of seeing the light at the end of the road. Though they may slip as easily as others from the right path, they have a better chance of climbing back.

From this direct reference to Revelation follow the basic Christian social attitudes. God and His creation are good, and goodness is Being, positive and creative. The Christian's general attitude to the world must match this. To bury one's talent, to declare any human group lost or any part of creation unclean, to wash one's hands of the world, is an un-Christian act.

The first great commandment imposes on each individual the duty to work out his own personal relationship with God, and this gives rise to the concept of basic human rights. The second great commandment is related to the fact that man can work it out only in society, and it gives rise to the Christian concept of the rights and duties of the community as such. In Christian thought the accent of the community is placed on the whole's being at the service of the parts, not on the parts' serving the whole.

These conceptions leave no room for irreconcilable tensions, whether between the natural and supernatural life, the self and others, or the individual and the community. There are no inevitable conflicts or predetermined class enemies. Christianity, in modern terms, is not for or against liberalism, or socialism, or whatever

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the current fashion may be. It comprehends and surpasses them. It is the framework, the synthesis in which the element of truth in each of these partial views appears in its full setting. This, of course, is not to say that reconciliation can be achieved without an effort.

THE early church laid the essential foundations. But, preoccupied almost exclusively as it was with Revelation and the immediate consequences of Revelation, it did not fully work out the logic of its own positive view of creation and human society. The synthesis of Revelation and the Natural Law was not completed. The City of God and the City of Man were left side by side, contrasted rather than related to each other. It was left for the Middle Ages, and especially for Thomas Aquinas, to work out the synthesis and extend Christian influence into every corner of life.

The medieval synthesis was comprehensive and detailed (sometimes seemingly to the point of hair-splitting and sterile legalism). Every aspect of life was knowledgeably treated. In the case of the Just Price, for instance, it is only now dawning on economists, as the tide of belief in the omnicompetence of the free market gives out, that the real babes in the economic jungle were not the medieval canonists and philosophers but the nineteenth-century economic liberals. The conceptions of justice in the market which are emerging today bear a strong resemblance to those of the Middle Ages.

The medieval synthesis was also casuistical (though casuistry in the strict sense was to come later) in facing squarely the fact that in a fallen world it is often necessary to choose the lesser of two evils. Yet it insisted that a special place must be reserved for, and that due honor must be paid to, such groups or classes as prove capable of living up to the highest Christian standards. It recognized, finally, that so tremendously detailed and complicated a system of thought could not in the long run be held together without powerful protection and supervision. Accordingly it provided for an established authority, detached from and independent of current administration, with power to define and protect the principles of the new synthesis.

The medieval synthesis had some real and many apparent faults. There was the obvious danger of social ossification and a tendency towards ecclesiastical power-politicking. It suffered from what has been called hierarchy trouble. It seemed to tolerate double standards of conduct, and to carry its reasoning to what many find, rightly or wrongly, quite fantastic lengths. One thinks, as a modern example, of the manual *Morals and Business Life,* by the late Father Müller of Antwerp, which advises the faithful on such fascinating topics as when not to declare one's full income for income tax, and under what circumstances it is right to give short weight or take bribes.

But Ernst Troeltsch, who as a Protestant was certainly no unduly favorable witness, may be called on in support of the view that these deviations had to be risked as the price of mass Christian action on society. The experience of the ages, Troeltsch concluded from his monumental survey of the first nineteen hundred years of Christian history, shows that only what he calls the "church-type," the organized, to some extent centralized, church, taking all life for its province and reaching into every corner of it, can expect to gain and hold a grip on the general mass of the people. There is a place within such a church, he argues, for the "sect-type." But the sect in isolation very swiftly falls into the position of an isolated élite, able perhaps to save itself, but unable to reach the masses.

IT remained to be seen, however, whether the medieval synthesis, having been built under relatively stable and favorable historical conditions, could be adapted to a more dynamic world. In principle its frame of thought certainly could. The concept of the Natural Law, for instance, has not merely a stable, unchanging core, but secondary principles which change from one culture to another; this is to say nothing of the different ways of applying the unchanging core, in terms of positive law, to different social situations. But a Church influences social events not merely by what it says (or would like to say), but by what it *is* and what it *does,* and it is an historic fact that Protestantism showed itself, until little more than a lifetime ago, better able than Catholicism to cope with the dynamic society which has prevailed from the Renaissance to our own day.

The point is not merely that Protestantism, especially in its Calvinist or Puritan flank, proved better able to absorb into its thought, and so to promote, the new conditions of capitalism. It certainly did this and not wholly to the disadvantage of humanity.

Capitalism is now under a cloud. But where Catholic writers of an earlier age may not have been entirely misguided when they tried to jump on the capitalist bandwagon (to prove that Catholicism too, despite appearances, had contributed to the benefits of liberal institutions and rising national income), Protestantism unquestionably contributed more to the rise of natural and social sciences. So also did it make the major contribution to the political and social institutions of the Anglo-Saxon countries. Until very recently these countries succeeded in maintaining a relatively deep and lasting Christian penetration of everyday life and politics. The least that can be said for them is that the Protestant nations avoided the fundamental changes, the dynamic *anti*-Christianity which emerged as a leading characteristic of political and social life in lands

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within the Catholic tradition.

The success of Protestantism in keeping its grip on a changing world rested on two ideas. The first was the concept of the *calling,* which introduced a powerful element of Christian dynamism into everyday life. The second was a special idea, in part the result of historical divisions between churches and sects, but in part a matter of principle, of the role of the Church in social affairs, namely that the Church should defend essential principles but leave to the laity the discovery of their application to the detailed affairs of life.

The religious situation of England, or the United States, has not been simply one of tolerance. Until the last few generations the essentials of the Christian view of the nature and destiny of man were not merely generally accepted, but fortified by the authority of Church, State, and public opinion. This however was a matter of broad Christian conceptions and a limited number of general rules of conduct. The Christian laity went about its business, working out for itself, with the aid of the technical knowledge and competence which only the laity could possess, solutions to current moral as well as technical problems. Since they were Christians, the solutions they reached were commonly in line with Christian thought. If they were not, the solid Christian framework in which they were set would sooner or later set limits to error.

The dangers lurking in such a conception—worldliness, losing sight of the woods of Revelation among the trees of current affairs—are obvious enough. But, once again, they are dangers which cannot be avoided, at least if Christianity is to keep its grip on the changing world, with which the philosopher and theologian, expert in general principles but having merely second-hand acquaintance with the mass of current business, cannot by themselves keep pace. And the method can work well. The social history of England or America is full of the mistakes inseparable from freedom to experiment in a dynamic world. But it also illustrates an astonishing capacity to recover from these and take the right road in the end.

I DO not suggest, of course, that the present-day Christian social movement has deliberately set out to pick fragments from the tradition of the early Church, medievalism, or from the archives of Geneva. There have been some tendencies of that sort. But what is chiefly happening today is that in every church people concerned with social matters are realizing the inadequacy, in the modern world, of the approach which their particular church has accented. They are reaching out for something new. What they find often turns out to be none other than the characteristic contributions of the other churches.

In the Catholic Church we have, on the one hand, the growing recognition (expressed for instance in the activity of the French priest-workers, or of a research agency such as *Economie et Humanisme,* or in the Christian trade unions, or in the Jocist movements) that only in and from action can the principles of Christianity in everyday life be worked out in detail. The Church —the ecclesiastical organization—must certainly hold the ring, maintaining the firm framework of general principles. But only the Christian laity has the knowledge and experience to do the detailed work, and in a dynamic and changing world it can do it only by actual participation, with freedom for research, experimentation and occasional error and failure. We are adopting here the best elements of the Protestant tradition. We are at the same time, on the other hand, taking over from the Orthodox tradition a new, or at least revived, emphasis on inwardness and spirituality.

So also on the Protestant side. It is not, I think, unfair to detect in the Ecumenical movement, in the reports and debates of Oxford and Stockholm and Amsterdam, a return to the Catholic tradition of a fairly fully worked-out synthesis of Revelation and natural reasoning applied to the affairs of the world, and underpinned by an entrenched and independent authority. The authority, evidently, is not a Pope and Curia. It is more like that which governs the world of science: public opinion, formed and focused through a highly-organized system of consultation and written records. Though formally looser than an authority of the Catholic type, this need not be any less powerful or effective, as anyone who has worked in the world of science knows.

Orthodoxy, finally, shows many signs, notably in the works of Bulgakov or Berdyaev, of moving away—at least in those parts of the world where it is free to develop—from its characteristic exaggerated emphasis on inwardness, detachment from the world, and direct and exclusive reference to Revelation. It would be going too far to say that it is as yet rejoining the Protestant and Catholic concern with the affairs of the world. But undoubtedly a movement in that direction is under way.

I do not say that the churches have as yet reached agreement on social matters. Much will have to happen before they do; for even in the social field, where a wide area of agreement can be reached without touching on basic doctrinal differences, these differences cannot be altogether ignored. The strength of the convergence which has so far taken place lies precisely in the fact that it has arisen from the separately felt needs of the individual churches. Even so, it has at times aroused suspicion; and it would certainly have aroused far more had it been the result of an inter-denominational movement. But, limited as it is, the drift towards agreement which has so far taken place is, in the present state of the world, immensely valuable.

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The Cardinal And the Times

AFTER a fanatic attempted to murder Italian Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti in 1948, the Pope sent a representative to the hospital to inquire about the state of Togliatti's health and to express his regret. Many other non-Communist or anti-Communist representatives from all over Italy did the same, as a matter of course. No one, particularly in Italian Catholic circles, had any objection to this, and everyone agreed in condemning such an act of violence.

That was not the case in Spain. Catholic papers here took great pains to explain the Pope's action to their indignant readers. To the Spaniards the Papal gesture was completely incomprehensible, and dark suspicions arose that the Holy Father had somehow come under Communist influence. Many Spaniards seemed to think that the only sensible thing to do about the severely wounded Togliatti was not to inquire about his health, but rather to finish him off.

This incident gives some idea of the characteristic Spanish mentality, be it Catholic or not. Most Spaniards are wholeheartedly partisan, and ever since the days when they were the defenders of Christianity against the rising tide of Islam, they have been unable to approach religious questions dispassionately. To many Catholics from other lands their religious passions appear as strange as they do to Protestants, but they are there, and they must be kept in mind whenever one judges Spaniards. They are a people who do not easily conceive of shades of meaning or fine distinctions in such matters. In addition to this, religion for them has distinctly nationalistic overtones. To be a good Spaniard means at the same time to be a good Catholic. And so this added patriotic flavor makes the religious passions of the Spaniards still more intense.

This is the background which must not be forgotten when one arrives in Seville, where Cardinal Segura has delivered his intolerant strictures and where the well-known anti-Protestant demonstrations have occurred. The young rowdies materially responsible for these view native Protestants as traitors to the Spanish way of life and to their country, in much the same way that Mr. Paul Blanshard sees American Catholics as potential betrayers of the American way of life and American democracy. To say this is not to excuse, but to explain. Religious intolerance is always shocking wherever it appears, and the incidents have been almost universally deplored in Seville, especially by many of the clergy.

Seventy-two-year-old Cardinal Segura himself is universally respected for his personal life. He is as severe with himself as he is with the faithful, but he is in constant conflict with modern times, for which he seems to have nothing but contempt. He represents the ultra-conservative wing of the Spanish Church, a wing which is rapidly losing ground on all fronts in Spain today. He was once characterized by a representative of the Holy See as a holy man whose only trouble is that he was born roughly four hundred years too late. This thumbnail description is quoted in Spain each time the aging Cardinal discovers that he is living in the twentieth century and that it is impossible to put the clock back.

ENTIRELY apart from Cardinal Segura's personal feelings on religious tolerance, it is quite interesting to listen to some of the representatives of this conservative wing, both priests and laymen. If they have failed to put the clock back, they have in many respects succeeded in stopping it. If one objects that the Church has to live in the modern world (with caution certainly), and that merely ignoring the calendar is not a sufficient policy, the conservatives ask if the present development in the world is really progress and not a regress to something worse. They talk scornfully about the modern world's faith in progress, which they sum up as "what comes after is always better than what has come before." But who, they ask, guarantees that what comes after is always better than what has come before? And if what comes after is not better than what has come before, then, they conclude, stopping the clock may be a wise and justified policy.

There is a progressive wing opposing the conservative wing inside the Spanish Church. This is far stronger than the conservative wing and is headed by the Spanish Bishop of Malaga, Angelo Herrera. Eventually he is bound to be officially, as he is now unofficially, the outstanding man within the Spanish hierarchy. Communism in his view is not just "the Devil." It is a phenomenon of our time which must be carefully studied if its causes are to be eliminated, and, he insists, it must be met concretely—even if this necessitates the boldest social reforms.

It is a striking thing, but too often overlooked outside Spain, how far this progressive wing of the Spanish Church has gone already. And in spite of the protected position of the Church, it seems prepared to go much further. The Franco Government (which is more properly a military dictatorship than a genuinely Fascist regime) has one very definite weakness: although it has eliminated Communism, it has failed to supply an adequate replacement. Among progressive

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Catholics the feeling is strong that this void must be filled with something offering a real answer to the Communism which still smoulders under the ashes of the civil war. In their day Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany succeeded in replacing Communism with another ideology, but the Franco regime has not, and that is the fundamental difference. The poverty of the proletariat is much the same in authoritarian Spain as in democratic Italy, and the possibilities for Communism are therefore the same.

All sorts of efforts have been made by these progressive Catholics to align themselves with the proletariat and to incorporate it into the national life, in spite of the absence of a normal political life in Spain since the civil war began in 1936. This is difficult because the proletariat considers itself the victim of the civil war, but Bishop Herrera has founded what is called the "Leo XIII Social Institute" to train priests and laypeople, both men and women, for apostolates among workers. At the same time Catholic Action organizations corresponding to the French JOC are as active among industrial workers as they are in France and Italy.

THERE are even worker-priests in Spain. Organized at the time that Abbé Godin in Paris began his missionary work among his own countrymen, these Spanish worker priests are in some respects quite different. The name they have given themselves is *"Hermandad de Cristo Trabajador,"* the Brotherhood of Christ the Worker, to stress the fact that Christ earned His living for a long time as a simple carpenter. The founder is a Jesuit, Father Juan Soler de Morell, but it is completely independent of the Society itself. At the same time it possesses something of the characteristically military spirit of Loyola. The largest center for the worker-priests is a distressingly poor house in the industrial suburbs of Barcelona, where a group of brethren are leading the community life laid down in detail by Father Soler. They earn their living through all sorts of humble manual work which brings them into close and daily contact with the textile workers, many of whom fought with indomitable spirit for three years in the trenches of Madrid against the Franco troops, and have not forgotten it.

Some aspects of the organization of the Brotherhood are intended to correct certain shortcomings of the French worker-priests; the Spanish priests have a real community life, and they practice close collaboration with the parish, where this is necessary. The Community brethren, who dress like ordinary workers and seem to be animated by an extraordinary spirit, are assisted by other brethren living outside the community and "cooperators," ordinary workers, mostly married, who live among the other workers. Two more communities have recently been founded, one in Madrid and one in Jaen in the southern part of the country, and new centers are planned even outside Spain, particularly in South America.

According to Father Soler, the Spanish proletariat is not as pagan and detached from religious life as is the French or Italian. I questioned him about the unspeakable horrors I had witnessed during the civil war, when thousands of priests were barbarously killed by these workers and many churches burned or profaned. I wondered whether this did not mean that they were "detached" from religious life. Or, I asked, was this merely a form of Spanish religious passion? Father Soler smiled and answered: "Hatred, even the most gnawing form of it, may be transformed into love. Sometimes it is nothing but inverted love, love which has been betrayed. Love and hatred are two sides of the same feeling and as long as they exist, one or the other, there is hope and there is life. Only indifference is death. . . ."

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Baldanzi Leaps Over the Wall

THE first and last time I heard George Baldanzi speak was at the CIO Textile Workers convention in New York in 1939 or '40. It was not an exciting convention, but Baldanzi made it memorable. They say he is one of the finest speakers in the labor movement and I can believe it. The man talked like an Irish poet.

At that time he was executive vice-president of the union and Emil Rieve was president. Many of the locals represented had quit the AFL to enlist under the banner of what they believed to be a more vital, more democratic movement. Baldanzi himself had been president of the old AFL Dyers' Union.

At that time the two men got along fine, Rieve—a chunky, fatherly man with a slight Polish accent—was the administrator and Baldanzi—thin, intense, cerebral-looking—was the ace organizer and agitator. But a few years ago it became clear that there was not enough room at the top for both men. There was a battle royal at the Boston convention in 1950. On the first day it seemed that Rieve would push Baldanzi right out of his job. But in a full-scale debate between the two men Rieve, an able speaker but no match for the master, came in a poor second.

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By the time the delegates got around to voting, a good many had changed their minds. Baldanzi won reelection, defeating a Rieve candidate 1038 to 743. It is possible that if he had run against Rieve for the presidency at that time, he would have won. Such a chance was never to come again.

AS president, Rieve had the greater power and he used it. During the next two years Baldanzi supporters on the international payroll began to fall by the wayside. And, all in all, the odds are that Rieve is the better man. I know no one in the Baldanzi faction. All my friends are good Rieve men, and I take their word for it. They say that Baldanzi is a great talker but unstable, a poor administrator and not even a good negotiator. Of course they are slightly biased, but let's assume for the sake of the discussion that they are right.

When the Textile Workers met again in Cleveland a few weeks ago Rieve did not make the same mistake twice. He gave a full-scale report on why Baldanzi, "not an executive vice-president but an executive opponent," should be ousted once and for all. But this time he gave Baldanzi no chance to answer back and sway the delegates with his fine talk. By the time Baldanzi had an opportunity to speak, a five-minute rule had been clamped on, and whenever he got up to talk much of the five minutes was lost in the howling of his opponents.

If the Boston convention was a battle royal, Cleveland was a battle proletarian, strictly from Pier Six. At one point some of the Baldanzi rooters plowed right over the press table, kicking a peaceful Boston reporter in the head and stepping on his little finger, in an effort to get at Rieve on the rostrum. Shouts of "Shut up, you old Jew!" directed at Rieve, who is not Jewish, were typical of the kind of raw emotions aroused by the conflict.

Rieve supporters dominated the key credentials committee and the Baldanzi group claimed they were robbed on the seating of delegates. In the early tests, such as the one on the report of the credentials committee, the Rieve forces won by overwhelming votes of three and even four to one. Where all these votes came from is a little hard to figure, since later, when it came to voting by secret ballot, the margin was less than two to one. It was still decisive. Baldanzi, doomed from the start, challenged Rieve for the presidency and ran a full slate of twenty vice-presidents. Rieve beat him 1223 to 720, and the other Baldanzi candidates went down by even more substantial margins.

ALMOST immediately there was talk of secession in the Canadian region. By May 13 locals in the South, where Baldanzi is strong, were voting to jump into the AFL. By May 15 the word was out that Baldanzi himself, who had disclaimed any intention of seceding, was going into the United Textile Workers, AFL, as director of organization.

On May 19 Baldanzi was welcomed into the AFL by no less a welcomer than William Green, AFL president, at a meeting of the AFL executive council in Boston, the heart of the Rieve territory. Then began the claims and counter-claims.

Baldanzi said that Rieve had broken his promise that there would be no reprisals and had fired forty-five international officers and organizers. He said that he had already taken fifty-three thousand out of the union and in a year's time would take one hundred thousand. He said that the CIO Textile Workers, which claims four hundred thousand members, actually had two hundred and seventy-five thousand paid up. Rieve said Baldanzi would be lucky to take twenty-five thousand members in a year's time, denied he had discharged forty-five, but conceded a number "in the upper twenties," claimed his union paid per capita to the CIO on three hundred and twenty thousand members and represented over four hundred thousand, charged that the AFL Textile Workers had not ninety thousand members, but around fifty thousand paid up.

It was not a pretty picture. There was little hope that labor in general, or the textile workers in particular, would get more out of this kind of fight than a good headache. At a time when the whole textile industry is beset by a world-wide slump, when many mills are folding, cutting down, or picking up and moving bodily to cheap areas in the South and Puerto Rico, at this time the textile workers have to be fighting each other. If any good comes of it, it will be a minor miracle.

I HAVE little sympathy for Baldanzi and his secession movement. I prefer the CIO myself. But I cannot help feeling that there are certain weaknesses in the structure of the Textile Workers Union of America, CIO, which contributed to this revolt.

The fact that Emil Rieve, president of the TWUA, appoints all the international organizers is not unusual. But he also appoints all the regional directors and the managers of the joint boards. These joint boards are composed of all the locals in a textile center like Lawrence or Lowell or Paterson or Fall River. The chief executive officer of the joint board is the manager. Yet the local unions that make up the board do not have the elementary democratic right to elect their own chief officer.

Rieve and others have defended this practice on the ground that it is necessary in order to insure an efficient organization that will pursue a uniform policy laid down by the international union. But even if uniformity were a completely desirable thing, the fact is that the prac-

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tice was not able to insure it. The appointment system just insured dissatisfaction in a number of locals whose members did not happen to like the managers placed over them.

If the test of a policy is going to be pitched on the plane of "Look, it works, doesn't it?" then the answer now has to be, "Does it?" Maybe the Baldanzi revolt will be a flop. If Baldanzi takes more than fifty thousand members out of the union, then I think the answer could fairly be, "No, it doesn't work." It doesn't work because it fails to recognize the fact that the best way to create loyalty in an organization is to give members a direct stake in that organization, which means, above all, to give them the power to pick their own leaders.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN FAIRMONT

THOSE who have followed the misfortunes of Dr. Luella Raab Mundel in these pages (December 7 and March 7) may be interested, and saddened, to know that things are getting worse, not better, at Fairmont State College in Fairmont, West Virginia. The State Board of Education, which discharged Dr. Mundel without a hearing on unproved charges of being "subversive" and "an atheist," has now discharged the president of the college, Dr. George Hand, who defended her. Five faculty members then resigned in protest. The board has also fired Harold D. Jones, librarian, and faculty member Eric Barnitz, the two sponsors of the Mundel Support Fund (1243 Bryant St., Fairmont).

The purpose of the Fund is to raise money for a retrial of the libel suit brought by Dr. Mundel against the vice-president of the Board of Education whose attacks on Dr. Mundel started the whole thing.

In the May *Harper's* there is an excellent article on the subject, called "The Case of Luella Mundel," written by William Manchester, who covered the first trial for the Baltimore *Sun* papers.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

MOST of "Skirts Ahoy!" takes place at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. According to this little Technicolor job, boot camp for Waves is a kind of country-club experience with some finishing-school discipline thrown in for good measure. The three heroines seem to join up more for reasons of heart than head or patriotism. Esther Williams, as a Long Island society gal, dons a blue uniform just as impulsively as she threw over her last fiance—"some poor oaf standing at the altar with egg on his face." Demure Joan Evans, herself jilted at the altar, joins to forget. And Vivian Blaine, as a New York salesgirl, enlists to find the sailor who took her rowing in Central Park.

Once in, the girls have more fun at Great Lakes than we do watching them. They sing an amusing number about "What Good Is a Gal—Without a Guy?" Vivian clowns a lot, but hasn't much bright dialogue to practice her Guys-and-Dolls accent on. Joan pouts prettily. Esther swims beautifully in a handsome underwater sequence with two little kids, and she sparkles wolfishly during a funny scene in which she tries to pick up Barry Sullivan acting hard-to-get.

The script written by Isobel Lennart (who described her pictures as "light and frothy" when testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee recently) is so light and so frothy it's diaphanous, but that doesn't excuse Producer Joe Pasternak and Director Sidney Lanfield from being so unimaginatively dull.

IT is interesting to see what yesteryear's *enfants terribles* come forth with after they grow up. Ben Hecht, who startled moviegoers a couple of decades ago with such bright items as "Crime Without Passion" and "The Scoundrel," has now produced, written and directed "Actors and Sin." Its two parts, unconnected except for the fact that the characters are in the entertainment world, are based on two of Hecht's stories.

The first, "Actor's Blood," is a lush melodrama about a famous actress and her actor-father. Marcia Tillayou (Marsha Hunt) carries on in the old theatrical manner, dominated by temperament and foul temper. After years of stage successes, come her years of failures when friends, not without reason, desert this unpleasant woman, and she turns to drink. Then one day her bullet-ridden body is found. Her devoted father (Edward G. Robinson), a ham to the end, invites the D.A. and all the murder suspects to a farewell party and promises to disclose the guilty person. It's pretty hard to take this kind of Sunday-supplement stuff seriously on the screen. "Actor's Blood" isn't even good hokum.

The second part of "Actors and Sin" is a devastating lampoon of Hollywood in its heyday, when every producer hoped to make a picture bigger and better than "Gone With the Wind." Such a producer comes to an agent (brilliantly played by Eddie Albert) to buy the story of "Woman of Sin." Eddie tries hard to find the author of this now-valuable piece of trash, and when she finally walks into his office, she turns out to be a nine-year-old girl (cutely played by Hecht's daughter Jenny). The tizzy into which the agent, the producer and everyone else connected with this project, which has now grown into a super-colossal production, are thrown is something to behold, especially since its makers expect their cinema masterpiece to prove that Hollywood has finally come of age.

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Although the burlesque gets too lengthy and some of the jokes are in dubious taste, most of Hecht's script is funny. The picture's exaggerated acting and college-humor satire are only surface deep but provide plenty of laughs for audiences not too selective.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

COMMUNICATIONS

"LORDS AND MASTERS, M.D."

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

TO the Editors: Often I've been tempted to write you in the past to congratulate you on your fair-minded, well balanced, and edifying journalism. It therefore grieves me to note in your May 9 issue Mr. Ernst Karl Winter's article which errs so in knowledge of cancer, a disease to which I devote much of my professional time. Moreover, I think he errs fundamentally in his ethics if I recall my college teachings.

As I remember there are four points to be considered in determining the morality of any action:

a. The action cannot be intrinsically evil, e.g., blasphemy.

b. The evil following the action cannot be a direct result, but may be a consequence. For example, abortion is evil and any attempt to kill the unborn child is evil. But if the unborn child happens to be implanted in a uterus full of cancer, an operation designed at removing the cancer can be a good act even if the unborn child's life is destroyed.

c. The good following an action must be equal to or greater than any possible evil result.

d. The person performing the action must *will only* the good and not the evil.

I may be hazy about these but as I apply them to my patients they resolve many of the present-day medical-ethical problems. Applying the principle to the operation mentioned in the article, namely the total removal of the pituitary gland as a possible aid to a patient otherwise terminally ill from cancer, we find:

a. The act itself is neither good nor evil, it is indifferent. It does *not* cause death by its very nature. Frequently the gland is removed *partially* when itself involved by a tumor. *Total removal* is also compatible with life in our present state of knowledge, a precarious mode of existence, to be sure, but still life desirable to be had. A few years ago it was held impossible to remain alive without the adrenal glands, yet today total removal of them is done for certain cancer and for some types of high blood pressure. Such patients need careful regimens post-operatively, but still they are alive and desire to remain so. There is nothing intrinsically death-dealing about total removal of the pituitary.

Principles *a, b,* and *c* are obviously fulfilled by any operation performed by a surgeon who aims to remove a non-vital part in order to preserve life.

Therefore the operation is not *murder,* as Mr. Winter says, and it is unfair to The Commonweal and its readers, and to the cause which The Commonweal strives to serve (and well it does, usually) to say it is.

Even less accurate are his medical bits of knowledge. I am a bit surprised you didn't check his statements prior to publication.

1. He says "the realm of surgery . . . has led only to palliatives." With specific reference to cancer, this is plain error. Cancer is curable. Not all cancer to be sure, but a very definite, not-too-low percentage. Ninety percent of all cancers of the lips are curable. Fifty percent of all cancers of the breast are curable. Forty percent of all cancers of the large intestines are curable, to cite a few. These are well known facts; and efforts are made constantly to improve the number of cures. Thus the publicity recommending early diagnosis and treatment. All these cures are the result of steadfast, humble, and intelligent efforts by sincere and honest physicians and surgeons to whom the term "arrogant and naive" would never apply.

2. He claims, in a misleading way, that "many highly touted drugs are . . . only sedatives," thus debunking some definite good effects of the newer drugs. The writer is, I fear, confused by the medical advertisements, for his medical knowledge is woefully meagre if he does not know that pneumonia as a bacterial disease has been all but eradicated, that orteongelitis also is about totally obliterated, that subacuto bacterial endocarditis and tubercular meningitis, one hundred percent fatal only fifteen years ago, now are curable in a definite percentage of patients—all due to new drugs.

3. There *is* evidence that the pituitary gland may influence the growth of cancer. At least there is evidence enough to convince honest, humble and conscientious surgeon-investigators at two separate institutions.

4. The writer is misleading in stating his ideas on the "newly-acquired knowledge about the system and the balance of the glands and hormones." This "newness" is only relative. Such balance and inter-relationship of endocrine glands has been known for years and has been well described by Dr. W. B. Cannon, late Professor of Physiology at the Harvard Medical School and a former teacher of mine. New facts are, of course, constantly being discovered and fitted into the jig-saw pattern to try to increase our understanding of health and disease. No physician claims to know all about these glands and their systems; no one claims to understand fully any one single disease. Yet all this does

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not negate the few *facts* we do know. These known facts help people to live longer and happier lives, even if we don't understand them completely. For example, insulin helps diabetics—of this there is no doubt. Yet much remains to be learned of insulin's action in the body.

So your writer errs in asserting all this is new. It is merely application of newly learned facts to old theories.

MOST of all, I resent his assurance that he has insight into the physician-investigator's motives, and that they are purely intellectual "curiosity." I happen to be involved at present in investigation dealing with the transplantation of tissues whereby an intact organ may be substituted for a diseased one and thus prolong life. I deal with cancer every day. And there is no idle curiosity about our plans, or of any responsible investigator's. We so often are faced with the terrible dilemma of deciding whether or not a drug or an operation should be tried on a particular patient. Our patient and the family usually are urging us to do so, searching as they are for any straw to cling to. If we hold back we may be depriving the patient of his one chance for life. On the other hand, if we give the drug or perform the operation, we may cause the patient's final days to be even more uncomfortable.

It is no "intellectual game" we are playing. It is life in its fullest, the drama of life and death, of love and the family tie—the doctor with his knowledge and, yes, his emotions, trying to apply the Golden Rule under trying conditions.

Let writer Winter study a bit more the evidence behind the medical profession's investigations, let him realize that once not so long ago someone "experimented" on a human being by giving insulin for diabetes, let him realize that the doctor is forced to be humble in his striving to understand disease, and let him realize how much soul-searching goes into attempting to do the right thing.

J. E. MURRAY, M.D.

The morality of the operation which Mr. Winter described as "murder" would seem to hinge on whether removal of the pituitary gland means certain death. Prior to publishing Mr. Winter's article, The Commonweal was seriously misinformed on this point. Several readers have written in to tell us and we have also learned from further investigation that such an operation is no longer necessarily fatal and is frequently resorted to in standard medical practice. Thus the case against the operation Mr. Winter commented on, and by implication, the case against the unnamed doctor and the New York "Times" collapses. We apologize sincerely to all concerned.

THE EDITORS.

Behold, The Eternal City

RICHARD HAYES

SHE came as the tourist or student or wandering intellectual comes, "like a wisp of fog in a fog bank, with his *angst* and his foggy modern eye," and the assault of the place was, at first, frightful—"total and terrible," she calls it: an immersion in time both rude and pitiless, contemptuous of the tender heart, and "for the delicate sensibility . . . all scandal and continual death."

Before this perpetual extinction of experience, the private soul disintegrates; before the over-riding physical presence of the past and the "enormity of the specific," her cool, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon mind felt itself threatened "like a lump of sugar in a cup of tea." What is worse, the city has its own maniacal logic—"the scorn of neatness, the deep fantasy of juxtaposition"—which stimulates the receptive imagination to remembrance: "big angry Luther," calling down divine punishment on the wicked, lovely place; "dark Hawthorne breathing in crime along the palace wall;" Dr. Arnold so confident in his English probity and sanity and dullness ("One may safely say that the world cannot contain many views of such mingled beauty and interest as this").

In the corridors of her mind—and its membranes are sensitive as litmus paper—a motley procession is engaged in continual traffic: the nymph Jugurtha, at whose pool Castor and Pollux watered their horses; Beatrice Cenci, a parricide at fifteen, and Giordano Bruno, burned at the stake; Maria Goretti murdered while defending her chastity, and Saint Cecilia with "the thin mark of the axe around her throat;" Marcus Aurelius and mad Hadrian and the lovely Antinous drowned at twenty in the Nile; Pius XII addressing the Holy Year crowds with "not a word of anything but affection and respect for the whole human race," and Salvatore Giuliano, dead in a morgue with blocks of ice around his body; Cola di Rienzo, hanging headless by his heels (earlier, they had cheered "while he had himself crowned with six mystical wreaths, then pointing a sword in three directions in the air cried three times: 'This is Mine!' "); and Saint Theresa transfixed in ecstasy, and Raphael and sensual Caravaggio and Piranesi and the three-hundred-odd Roman hostages—some even young boys—slaughtered in the Ardeatine Caves by the Nazis.

Mr. Hayes writes criticism for several Catholic publications. A graduate of St. Peter's College and Columbia, he is currently doing radio work in New York.

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They have all met and touched and strangely married here, and to the thick, communal stream of time added each the special tincture of his own quality, his glory and his destiny.

THE place, of course, is Rome, the besieged traveler Eleanor Clark, and the record of their mortal collision *Rome and a Villa* (Drawings by Eugene Berman, Doubleday, $4.), an imperishable portrait in time of the Eternal City, and a work of major proportions: noble in design and feeling and execution; bathed throughout, and at all points, in that luminous Roman light in which "nothing is static, surfaces become depths, the relations of things are always traveling."

To the delineation of her subject—perhaps the most important the Western World can offer an artist today —Miss Clark brings a truly formidable set of resources: her sense of proportion and order are phenomenal, as Katherine Anne Porter has observed, and so is her architectural eye for scale. She has an unerring grasp of the fundamentals of any given historical situation —moral, physical and intellectual—and an awareness of the *cost* of time and civilization and tragedy; her feeling for place and milieu is fabulous, vitiated by none of the romantic softness of the *decorateur,* striking to secret and interior roots.

But other artists have brought similar equipment to comparable material, and yet none of them speaks to us now with the immediacy Miss Clark commands. What ultimately distinguishes *Rome and a Villa,* what renders it superior even to *The Education of Henry Adams,* is Miss Clark's vivid and informed sense of a cultural crisis of grave and significant moment. She has had the intelligence and the perception to realize that, for the modern intellectual (and chiefly the American intellectual), Rome is today what Paris and New York and Berlin were to earlier generations: preeminently the city with which he must come to terms —only incidentally as a place, specifically as a moral fact. Stripped of all the accretions of a postwar fashion, Rome stands as valuable now (and always) because of what it says about human possibility and divine ineluctability.

In this city "where nothing is single or simple, and the aesthetic experience is always subordinate to something else," both sense and spirit are affirmed and expressed in all their range: revealed as fundamental qualifications of humanity, capable of infinite development and expansion in time and eternity, fraught with potentialities of moral disaster and triumph—subject always to the divine *pazienza,* that "terrible vast patience and control." That is why Rome is dangerous, difficult, hard—"so concerned with being, so unconcerned with truth; it explains nothing; it is without tragedy and without love." But that is also why we have brought to its healing fountains "all our self-seeking, our loneliness, apathy and need of love; our boredom and our melancholy," and why, in a dry season, we have hoped for rain.

Because her sensibility is thoroughly modern, Eleanor Clark has understood all this, and we can, in consequence of that knowledge and that sagacity, do no better than permit this distinguished contemporary to lead us into the labyrinth of time which is Rome. How first, shall we approach the city? By the fashionable Via Veneto, that elegant street stalked by "sadness, ignoble disappointment—everything that is a little stale or tarnished"? Or perhaps by the Janiculum, "where Lars Porsena had his camp, and Cleopatra her villa"? No matter, any of these will do, for "the entrance to Rome is no longer a matter of geography. It is a place secret, sensuous, oblique, a poem and to be known as a poem; a vast untidiness peopled with characters and symbols so profound they join the imagery of your own dreams."

In the midst of this vast untidiness, we shall stop at the Campidoglio (for that "is at least in the middle") while Miss Clark directs our attention to the Fountains. But no: the Fountains are too much—extravagant, outrageous, even indecent: "common reason expires here." They are a crucial Roman symbol: "they are always being drunk from and splashed in and sat on"; they force us to recognize that "continuity is all in the water," that existence in time is "something which only running water can convey or make bearable."

TO the Roman, this companionship of centuries is most agreeable and charming: nothing could really please him more: even in the eyes of cats, one can read "a living knowledge of Agrippa." But for Miss Clark and for us—ah, what a different story!

> The nordic soul misses its yearnings and regrets. Here in the dazzle of physical facts it detects a ghastly blank, in which there resounds endlessly that terrible word *pazienza,* applying to all calamities and inconveniences of whatever degree and meaning not patience at all but an attitude as towards the facts of astronomy. That is the strange gaiety and relaxation of the piazza; only you, the alien, ever conceived of happiness; the assumptions in every one of those heads would make any of your compatriots commit suicide.

Nor is there any solace in society ("it is like a party all the time; nobody has to worry about giving one or being invited; it is going on every day in the street"); nor even in the churches, those last retreats of the solitary, buffeted heart ("it is all physical and close: God is not up in any Gothic shadows but to be touched and smelled and fondled, reached into up to the arm-

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pit"). Nothing remains to the ordinary traveler but to "run off in relief to Florence, to the single statement, the single moment of time," though he is aware later of having retained from his Roman experience "some stirring round the heart: those images, huge, often grotesque, were what he had been looking for, only it would have taken so long. . . ."

THE villa is Hadrian's, at Tivoli: "the saddest place in the world," Miss Clark tells us; "gaunt as an old abandoned graveyard, only what is buried there is the Roman Empire." Here, in this sprawling, tragic phantasy of stone and marble and water—which was to its architect "so many kinds of expression, noble and ignoble, but . . . always . . . his private work of homage to a civilization . . . founded on the knowledge of the world's beauty and delight"—Miss Clark detects at its most profound level that fundamental Roman quality of spirit which, quoting Symonds, she calls "the impulse toward the illimitable."

Illimitable, in this case, because there was, in that monstrous growth of splendor, no goal, no center of achievement: Hadrian was still building when madness and disease struck him down. And yet, Miss Clark makes us see how lovely it must have been, that former glory of alabaster and porphyry, malachite and lapis lazuli—"so many stones and colors you would not think geology had such invention; gathered from so far and in such quantities. . . . it is as though they had meant to finish off their world in a great frozen bonfire of marble." Its courts and libraries and gymnasia were vast as the Grand Central Station; its marble was now rose, now black as taffeta, now a gunmetal grey flecked with mica. And enclosing it, defining it, was always water: water as "a prime element in architecture. . . . to be given shape and form: the element of distance and the undefinable; co-medium of light." Miss Clark goes on:

> Aside from the glory of it, what a pensiveness there must have been around the house from all this water: nothing lazy but the repose of spaciousness . . . Nothing else permits such voyages of the spirit, nothing gives such largesse of suggestion and of time present and past.

The villa is crumbling now: its walls are a mossy brown, the color of history, and the ripple of water is no longer heard in those terrible public immensities. For the modern ear, however, there is a very different sound: "the scream of the *I;* the geometry of these vast courts is all a dialogue with self . . . No man who was loved or who was easy in the lack of love, could have built such a house . . . The romantic agony is having its first tryout."

Yet for all that, Miss Clark is still able to see him as tremendous: not in the conventional splendor of his state, but rather

> stripped to the moral bone: a lurid melancholy figure against these mountains and against his century, with at his back the derelict shreds of the world that he has loved with such passionate extravagance and that still shoots off its most brilliant rays behind his head, and far off under his gaze the dull seething movement of the barbarians.

MISS CLARK closes her journal with an account of Roman poet Giuseppe Belli, who died in 1863, and who gave to the Eternal City its "last great work of explicitly Christian meaning in any art." It may seem eccentric, in so personal a volume as *Rome and a Villa,* to permit the final words to be spoken by another, yet there is, in Miss Clark's method, the logic of emotion and of spirit.

Belli's major work was a series of two thousand Roman sonnets, unpublished in his lifetime and unpublishable: a savage portrait in popular Roman speech of "the deluge and enigma of the city's life—there to be seen, touched, smelled, participated in." They are scandalous poems—obscene, sacrilegious, surely grossly unfair—but like the bells of Rome, they ring with a fearful rage and pity, telling of "battle, fire, interminable crisis . . . they have the raw crash of history in their choppy rhythms, with some other sonority always nearly there but never quite coming off, which seems the voice of some terrible vast patience and control."

For above all, Belli's Rome is the Rome of Christ, not of Hadrian and Michelangelo; and "the betrayal of Christ is the true subject of this savage caricature: it is here that you feel Belli himself as most tragic: the misanthrope cursed with speech and pity, the yearner after God." Farce was his weapon, and he gave to it majesty, "because no other words could carry such a burden—of memory and neighborhood with God."

This is the measure of Miss Clark's service to our time: that she has made us see freshly and with the innocent eye that quality which is

> in all Rome, that has been built into it not only by monks and such, by many others too, poets and wonderers. . . . They have walked there, thought, prayed, moved slowly in some small circle till they died and their faces perhaps in stone on the church floors were slowly trodden away, leaving a communal indestructible glory that informs even the marble and the gold.

From the villa she has looked out on more than the City itself.

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The Passion of the Peons

THE REBELLION OF THE HANGED. By B. Traven. Knopf. $3.50.

By SEYMOUR KRIM

MR. T. Dreiser would have liked Mr. B. Traven's work. Traven builds slowly and patiently, as Dreiser himself did, and although he lacks the scope and breadth of our "Lincoln of the novel" he is as resolute. Both are writers who do not get panicky in the face of the truth, and whose strength depends upon patience, calmness and a persistence as inevitable as the flow of a river.

In *The Rebellion of the Hanged* Traven—whose name is one of the best kept pseudonyms of this loose-lipped era—writes about the slave-labor mahogany camps in tropical Mexico, just before the revolution. His method is to trace the life of an Indian peon, Candido Castro, from his little village to one of the lumber camps that flourished under Spanish management where he was forced to work off a debt.

For Traven, this Indian and his family are representative of what happened to many thousands of Indian families before the revolution. We follow Castro's arduous journey to the mahogany camp, see the squalid huts in which the peons were forced to live, and the brutal tortures to which they were subjected when they did not—or could not—cut their four tons of mahogany a day. Four tons! No less and no more. The tortures, to which the title refers, consisted mainly and most deliciously in the hanging of under-four-ton peons to the nearest tree for eight hours. Hands and legs were both bound to the same sturdy branch, and grease was applied to the face and the exposed nether regions so that the various breeds of Mexican insects could have a feast. When cuts were opened, deliberately, the insects could burrow and the peons scream.

Traven spares us none of the brutality and none of the detail of rape, flogging, ears being cut off, etc. But he does this with a matter-of-factness that makes his writing anything but sensational—it is sometimes too cold, in fact, like a sociologist's report—but the understated detail has a cumulative weight that sinks in slowly. If the peons were actually treated this way (and I have little doubt that Traven is writing about what he observed) there is no question that they had to revolt. They were treated worse than animals, had learned to endure as much as they could, and only when, very faintly, the idea came to them that they were not preordained to a less than human life did they fight back. At the end of *The Rebellion of the Hanged* we see them meting out to their overseers what they had endured for many years, and beginning the heroic activity that led to the revolution.

Yet for all his "high-mindedness" Traven is a limited writer both in his interests and ability. He is writing about relatively primitive people whose needs are easily fixed, and, being fixed, can be attained or not attained on that happy finite level. It is a world strong in biology, so to speak, but not in psychology; not one of the characters is as complex as a fifteen-year-old American high-school boy and the villains are so villainous that the reader may find a good half of existence left out entirely. I find this a deficiency of the novelist himself, not to be excused by the people he is writing about, since art and history are after all Art and History, and any novel can illuminate anything only to the extent that the light is in the writer.

But if Traven is a limited writer he is also a good one. He uses words carefully because he wants to make his case as solid as possible, and it is a pleasure to read him, as the work of any craftsman is good to behold. In view of the grimness of his material "pleasure" may seem like the wrong emotion to have, but we get it in both Tolstoy and Stephen Crane at their grimmest just because they write so clearly and fairly; Traven is equally clear-eyed and honest with his reader, and we repay him with our attention and intellectual satisfaction.

However, in the over-all sense, it is almost impossible for the serious reader—whose literary needs have been unalterably sharpened by the great moderns—to retreat into the literary simple-mindedness which a man like Traven asks for. He can be appreciated for what he accomplishes, but it is what he leaves out that moves us to pay our respects from a distance and ask publishers for something that will really *involve* us. O publishers, deliver us from old truths which no longer engage us, and give us what we need —or else, damn it, movies will really be better than ever, for us readers too!

England

A LAND. By Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House. $3.75.

By JAMES RORTY

IT took several billion years for England's granites, gneisses and chalks to generate the increasingly complicated forms of life that in our time produced the magnificent national self-consciousness of Winston Churchill. How long will it take for the great globe itself to achieve equally eloquent self-consciousness? And without such self-consciousness how can our as yet hypothetical global man hope to comprehend or direct his own destiny?

The point of the observation is merely that England is fortunately a small island. Otherwise Mrs. Hawkes could not have written her book. This would have been unfortunate, because it is a brilliant attempt and far more successful than one would have believed possible. Certain superficial resemblances have led reviewers to compare *A Land* with Miss Carson's *The Sea Around Us*. In this writer's opinion such comparisons are likely to be both unfair and misleading. Mrs. Hawkes' intention is quite different and her

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achievement is on the whole equally distinguished.

What she has tried to do is to evoke, as the sculptor's chisel evokes, the mystical life that inheres in the rock, the total life experience of England; not just its people but the island considered as an organic entity: its geology, paleontology, archaeology; its cultural anthropology and such aspects of its history as are pertinent to her theme.

In the early chapters Mrs. Hawkes seems daunted by the grandiosity of her enterprise; her style exhibits a certain literary breathiness. But later, as she becomes possessed by the validity and power of her theme, she writes with admirable pitch and resonance. This is especially true of the chapters in which she uses the flux of a fine poetic imagination to fuse the data of geology and cultural anthropology and illumine it with some first-rate insights into the problems of the technological civilization. By that time her rejection of our contemporary plastic, power-grid, and television synthesis seems not merely emotional but more or less logical, in view of what has gone before.

It was Toynbee who insisted that history could be written intelligibly only on the millennial time-scale that comprehends the rise and fall of a sequence of civilizations. Mrs. Hawkes, one feels, would argue that history becomes intelligible only when it is written in ecological depth —in the non-human context of rock and water, plant and beast.

In her chapter on "Land and Machines" she writes:

"The Industrial Revolution was certainly in part brought about by the scientific mode of thought that had grown from the Renaissance intellect. Yet it was not itself a rational episode. To me it seems an upsurge of instinctive forces comparable to the barbarian invasions, a surge that destroyed eighteenth-century civilization much as the Anglo-Saxons destroyed Roman Britain. No one planned it, no one foresaw more than a tittle of the consequences, very few people said that they wanted it, but once begun, the impetus was irresistible; more and more individual lives became helplessly involved, drawn into the vortex. It went forward as irresistibly as the evolution of the dinosaurs and in it was the roaring of *Tyrannosaurus*. It seems indeed that Tyrannosaurus and Apollo of the intellect worked together for the Revolution and no combination could be more powerful or more dangerous."

Throughout her book Mrs. Hawkes draws heavily on the poets. It is the more regrettable therefore that she does not always identify the poet she is quoting—a minor editorial negligence that presumably will be corrected in future editions. The illustrations by Henry Moore and others add value to the text.

BATTLE REPORT, THE WAR IN KOREA. Karig, Cagle, Manson. Rinehart. $6.

By T. E. CASSIDY

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There is no doubt that readers of the previous volumes will find this work just as stimulating and detailed as the others, and if you are a tactical devotee you will be more than satisfied with this play-by-play account. Remember if you read this book that it is strictly a Navy report and a Navy picture—in short, a Navy panegyric. And why not? The Navy in the Korean war has received very little attention; indeed, we have the notion that the Navy is just sort of cruising, or standing by and lobbing a few shells here and there.

This book makes it quite clear that the transport role and the general over-all logistical role in the Korean war have been simply further demonstrations of our Navy's ability to combine these actions with the formidable action of close and effective battle support, not to mention evacuation. It is thus a good book, though to some army veterans it might seem just another verse of the eternal anchors-aweigh theme sung by the Navy, ashore or afloat or in the air. And to other readers, it would seem that semi-political observations, even in footnotes, are sadly out of order. But surely anyone will be moved by such a story as that of the Inchon preparations and operations.

Total Pattern

CHRISTIAN DESIGN FOR SEX. By Joseph Buckley, S.M. Fides. $3.50.

By DENNIS J. GEANEY

THE duty of giving sex instructions weighs heavily on Catholic parents. They know God has a design for sex, but they feel incompetent in revealing the plan. Father Buckley has come to their aid. He combines the learning of the moral theologian with the common touch of the Cana Director and Army chaplain. The ordinary parent will nod here and there at Father Buckley's philosophical explanations but will be brought back to wakefulness with his human interest examples.

In giving sex instructions we can fail young people by telling them only what is right and wrong without revealing the plan. We can also fail them by setting forth the divine plan for sex in general terms without giving principles to regulate moral conduct in daily life. Father Buckley's genius lies in his ability to integrate the two approaches.

The first four chapters deal with the Christian pattern of sex and its violations. This includes a treatment of purity, modesty, passion, and the passions. The last three chapters deal more directly with marriage. The chapter on the psychological differences in the sexes should be read by couples who do not have access to Cana and Pre-Cana Conferences.

Consecrated virginity fits into the Christian design for sex. In the last chapter marriage and consecrated virginity are compared. The Church Fathers are copiously quoted on the subject. Both states of life seem to be more ennobled by the contrast. This last chapter in particular, as well as the book in its entirety, is a substantial addition to the literature growing out of the Cana movement, which is hardly a decade old.

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The Hunger of the World

LET THERE BE BREAD. By Robert Brittain. Simon and Schuster. $3.

By GARY MacEOIN

MOST of the world's inhabitants, approximately twenty-five hundred million, are habitually hungry. How, then, can we hope to feed nearly half as many again fifty years from now? The thesis of this book is that we can feed them, and feed them well, if we put our mind to it.

Writing with laudable objectivity about one of the least exact of sciences, Mr. Brittain keeps the experimentally established facts clearly apart from the pipedreams, promises and threats of the crystalgazers. He starts with the premise, based on solid demographic projection, that the rising population curve will level off towards the end of the century and considerably later begin a gradual decline, and then marshals the facts of past and current experience to show this anticipated population peak can be taken care of.

Historically, food production has always been extremely inefficient, not only while man was a food gatherer but also during the past few thousand years of settled agriculture. Actual yields have rarely realized more than a fraction of the potential, and of the actual only a fraction has ever reached the human consumer. Nevertheless, man's creative genius has kept ahead of his destructiveness, and his record as a farmer is less shameful than often represented. Well farmed land improves. Yields per acre in Western Europe, having remained constant from the Fall of Rome to the French Revolution, have since doubled and trebled under the impetus of population pressure, with concurrent improvement in the condition of the soil.

Our own generation has probably done more than all preceding generations combined. We have shown by pilot projects how to make deserts bloom in the U.S., in Russia, in Palestine, in Africa, in Australia. We have learned how to grow grains, potatoes, vegetables and fruit on top of the perpetually frozen subsoils of the Arctic. We have shown how to live normally in the tropics; how to bring marginal land into good heart; how to get more food per acre from lakes and seas than from rich soil; how to harness rivers for power and irrigation; how genetically to improve animal and plant strains; how to control disease and make inedible substances edible by use of chemicals; how to secure high annual yields and simultaneously improve land quality by fertilizers combined with sound conservation and cultural practices.

Mr. Brittain's book is mainly an account of these pilot projects around the world, showing what each has demonstrated and how it can help solve the global problem. He certainly offers no encouragement to relax and let things work themselves out. On the contrary, the lesson is that, in spite of rapidly growing populations, we have the means to raise living standards if (as Sir John Boyd Orr, former Di-

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THE ARTIST AT WORK, VI

"To many people, the enjoyment of art is nothing more than a sensible and emotional thrill. They look at a picture and if it stimulates one or another of their sense-appetites they are pleased. On a hot day they like to look at a picture of mountains or the sea because it makes them feel cool. They like paintings of dogs that you could almost pat.

"But naturally they soon tire of art under those circumstances. They turn aside to pat a real dog, or they go down the street to an air-conditioned movie, to give their senses another series of jolts. Obviously for such people art is not even a remote preparation for even the lowest degree of contemplation.

"But a genuine esthetic experience is something which transcends not only the sensible order (in which, however, it has its beginning) but also that of reason itself. It is a suprarational intuition of the latent perfection of things. Its immediacy outruns the speed of reasoning and leaves all analysis far behind. In the natural order, as Jacques Maritain has often insisted, it is an analogue of the mystical experience which it resembles and imitates from afar.

"Its mode of apprehension is that of 'connaturality'—it reaches out to grasp the inner reality, the vital substance of its object, by a kind of affective identification of itself with it. It rests in the perfection of things by a kind of union which somewhat resembles the rest of the soul in its immediate, affective contact with God in the obscurity of mystical prayer. A true artist can contemplate a picture for hours, and it is a real contemplation, too."

—THOMAS MERTON
in The Commonweal

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rector General of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, says in a foreword) we link up the underdeveloped resources of the hungry nations with the industrial capacity of the well-fed nations. For food production is less a problem of land resources than of industrialization and divulgation of techniques. The book will be particularly welcome to those who reject the widely propagated thesis that world living standards can be raised only by population limitation by birth prevention practices, since it provides facts to contradict the wild assertions often presented as scientifically established data.

The Old South

THE ALEXANDRIANS. By Charles Mills. Putnam. $4.

By JOSEPH G. DAHMS

A narration of sensational and, usually, tragic events in the personal lives of the inhabitants of a small town in Georgia occupies most of the six hundred and seventy-five pages in Mr. Mills' second novel. The story begins with the founding of Alexandria in 1839 and ends with the celebration of its centennial. It is only incidental that the setting is a plantation town in the South. Small-town personalities and an examination of their manners and mores make up the fabric of this book.

The central figure is Anna Anderson Redding, a daughter of one of the first families to settle in Alexandria, who outlives the centennial celebration. Even though Mrs. Redding can be called the central figure, there is no serious attempt made at a complete development of her character. The story does not derive any real unity from Mrs. Redding, but has only geographical unity.

Mr. Mills exhibits considerable artistry in handling the situations in which he has placed his brain children. The reader rarely loses his way through the intertwining family trees, even while the narrative is turning and twisting through a maze of personal problems. Grand tragedy and potentially significant events are in-

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cluded in great numbers, which simply increase the range of the story without furthering either plot or character development. This process keeps the interest at high pitch, but it is a fleeting, inconsequential interest equivalent to reading local items in the newspaper.

The author's handling of his characters is good as far as it goes. Even the least important of them exist in a very real sense in the mind of the reader. But it is in range rather than development that the author shows his ability. The more important characters, after their introduction, become involved in situations which are interesting in themselves, but provide little insight into motivation.

The easiest criticism to make about a six hundred and seventy-five-page book is that it is too long. The validity of that charge, however, depends on the author's purpose in writing the book and how well he fulfils it. If he simply wants to tell some interesting tales and introduce some interesting people, there need not be any complaint about the length, although a group of short stories would have better served his purpose. Toward the end of the book there occurs a lengthy commentary on the events and the people involved, which often grows tedious and is largely meaningless.

Although there is not much danger of *The Alexandrians* being taken as an important commentary on the American scene, it is still an interesting and readable one.

REVIEWERS

Seymour Krim is a free-lance critic whose work has appeared in the Hudson and Partisan Reviews. His home is in New York.

James Rorty has written widely on a variety of topics in a variety of publications. He is now a member of the Voice of America staff.

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Gary MacEoin is the editor of Hacienda, an agricultural magazine circulated throughout Latin America.

Joseph G. Dahms recently finished a tour of active duty with the Marine Corps. He is now employed as a technical editor by the Navy department.

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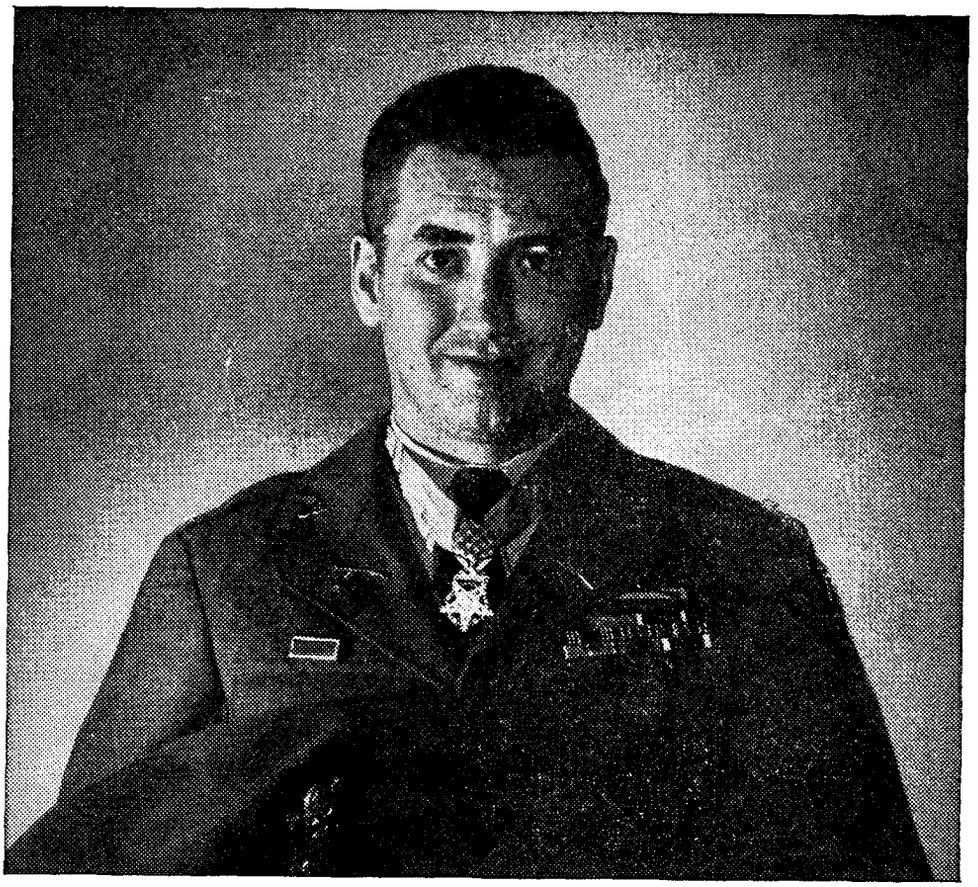
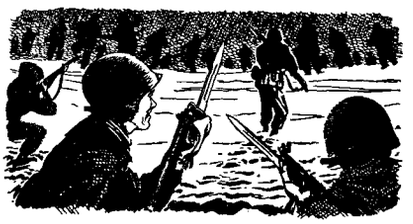
Lieutenant Stanley T. Adams Medal of Honor



ONE BITING-COLD FEBRUARY NIGHT, Lieutenant Adams was on a bitterly contested hill near Sesim-ni, Korea. Out of the dark earth the silhouettes of some 150 Communist troops rose up against the skyline. Ordering fixed bay-



onets, the lieutenant, with only 13 men, leaped up and charged furiously against the overwhelming odds. He was knocked down by a bullet. At least three hand grenades actually bounced off his body before exploding nearby. But when Adams and his squad were through, there were only 50 Communists left on the hill—and they were dead.

"Nobody likes to kill," says Stanley Adams. "Nobody likes war. But today the surest way to invite a war is to be weak. You and I know that twice in the last ten years Americans have let their guard down. And the Philippine and Korean graveyards are filled with men who paid the price for it.

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